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Title: The Dark Path - Volume V.

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## THE RULES OF THE ROAD OF MAGIC

The road that the novice sorcerer undertakes is long and uneasy, fraught with danger. have not yet begun the path, it looks exciting, daring, and filled with possibilities. But this road also has its own set of rules, many of which are learned too late. You cannot attend a few classes, pass a test, and then become aa practicing sorcerer. The Black Art is a long and arduous path, one that can take years to master-assuming mastery is ever reached. The path of the sorcerer is not for the weakling. The bones of students ans magicians alike can attest to its perils. Magic does not come without a cost. One cannot simply grasp a new vision of the universe without paying price. This cost is not measured in money, either; a sorcerer pays the price in blood, toil sweat and tears. Magic is not easy to learn. If it were, more people would learn it. Many are called but few are chosen, as the saying goes. The road

of the sorcerer is  
fraught with  
difficulty-sometimes  
even agony. This art  
demands a toll of  
loneliness, sacrifice,  
conflict and  
temptation. Divorce,  
joblessness, addiction,  
terror even death  
follow the sorcerer  
like rats after the  
plague-wagon.  
Perhaps this is only  
coincidence. Or  
maybe. as some  
masters teach the  
universe tests-or  
punishes-those who  
would master it.

...ooOoOoo...

## ONE WAY

The Black Art is a  
one-way journey too.  
Stepping on the road to  
sorcery cannot be  
undone. Learning the  
arts of magic is not  
like going to a  
vacational school. The  
student cannot simply  
drop out and forget he  
ever tried. You see,  
magical opening is a  
two-way process:  
just as you learn more  
about the universe,  
the universe is  
learning more about  
you. You have  
announced yourself to  
the spirits, to the  
angels, to the deamons  
- to whatever concept  
your path is teaching  
you.

And you cannot turn  
around. They know  
you're there.

Once a magician has  
set out to find the  
darkness, there can be  
no running away, no  
forgetting or ignoring.  
He has changed his

perceptions forever.

This presents one of  
the paradoxes of  
magic. You can play  
with magic your  
whole life and never  
truly step on the path.  
And you can just as  
easily tread the path  
without realizing it.

In many ways, the  
Black Art is a destiny,  
not a choice. You don't  
choose magic - it  
chooses you.

...ooOoOoo...